

# Forrest City Times.

ESTABLISHED 1871.

"Fear God, Tell the Truth and Make Money."

By LANDVOIGT & VADAKIN.

VOL. XXIII.

FORREST CITY, ARK., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 5, 1894.

NO. 13.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**W. H. ALLEY,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
Forrest City, Ark.

**J. R. CASON, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
Forrest City, Ark.  
SPECIALTIES:—Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
OFFICE:—Over L. Rollway & Co.'s Store.

**N. W. NORTON.** **J. M. PREWETT.**  
**NORTON & PREWETT,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
Will practice in the First and Second Judicial Circuits and in the Federal and Supreme Courts.  
OFFICE IN ROLLWAY BUILDING, FORREST CITY, ARK.

**R. J. WILLIAMS,**  
ATTORNEY at LAW  
Forrest City, Ark.

**J. B. BECK,**  
Carpenter & Builder,  
FORREST CITY, - ARK.  
All work entrusted to him will have his personal attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call.

**M. N. GAINES,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Forrest City, Ark.  
Acknowledgments and all Notarial Work solicited.  
Office over J. W. Beck & Co.

Estimates Furnished on all Kinds Brick Work  
**G. W. WELCH,**  
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER  
WYNNE, ARK.  
Brick for Sale. Correspondence Solicited

Write for Illustrated Catalogue FREE.  
**J. N. Mulford, Jeweler, Memphis, Tenn.**

**P.P.P.**  
CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES SCROFULA.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES BLOOD POISON.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES RHEUMATISM.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES MALARIA.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES DYSPESIA.

LIPPMAN BROS., Proprietors,  
Druggists, Lippman's Block, SAVANNAH, GA.  
For sale by Winthrop & Co.

## DREAM-LAND.

Though the years be fled, and the pain is dead,  
And the grief is over long,  
Yet on dream-land track doth the soul go back,  
And lo! the sound of a song  
That rings from a glade where the trees are green,  
Where the wind of sorrow never hath been!

And out of the night come back to sight  
The forms and faces of yore,  
The old love wakes, and the old joy takes  
Color and light once more;  
There sounds a voice we can never hear,  
A step that has left us for many a year.

The sunbeams creep over eyes that sleep,  
And we wake with a start to know  
That in fair dream-land we have clasped a hand  
Which held ours—long ago!  
And we thrill to a touch that is lingering yet  
To a passion of love, and of vain regret.

And for many a day we wend our way  
The unseen world around us,  
For the soul has snapped the chain that  
wrapped  
The earthly links that bound us,  
And the workaday world around us seems  
Less real by far than the land of dreams.  
—Mary Gorges, in Chambers' Journal.

## THE PARSON'S QUEST.

How It Ended in "The Emma Saloon."

There was a breezy crowd over in the Emma saloon one night less than a year ago, and every man was well heeled, carrying his revolver handy, and wore his shirt open at the neck. As for the women—there was only one, and she rejoiced in the soubriquet of "Scarred Emma," and you only had to look at her hands to know why. They had been burned to the bone, and, although she wore diamond rings to the first joint of every finger, they didn't disguise the horrid scars, seamed and livid, and of these Emma was prouder than of the rings. Well she might be. Had she not saved the lives of men and women bearing them in her arms from a burning building? And these scars were her medals of honor for her bravery.

Some of the gang were playing draw poker, others engaged in a game of seven up. Some drank and loafed, loafed and drank again, and chaffed with the landlady, who was about as amiable as a tiger.

On the night here alluded to, "Scarred Emma" was busy handing out the miners poison in copious doses, and listening to such cheap compliments as were not too suggestive of revolvers and free fights, when the door opened, and the deputy sheriff entered the place.

Everybody rose up, and a shout of welcome greeted the newcomer.

"Hello, Bill, glad to see yer. Brung in any new uns?"

"Naw! Evenin', Em. About two fingers straight, seein' I jest got in. Been to Omaha for a pesky boss thief. Tried to get away, out here, and we was goin' to let him have it, but there wuz a little weakened parson on the stage an' he interfered and prayed off so fluid like we weakened, an' let the feller go with nary a bullet in his carcass. Here's to ye, Em, for the fairest of yer sex. Come on, boys, an' fill up at my expense."

He tossed off the dram and set the tumbler down to be refilled.

"Where's the parson?" asked the landlady, smiling on the deputy as she measured the fiery fluid with a liberal hand.

"He's stopped over to preach at Hell's Delight, but he'll be at the Gulch to-morrow, an' doan yer forget it, less he dies afore mornin' kind o' sudden from a dose of cold lead. An' I'd advise the boys to grease their boots and be ready, for he's a buster, the parson is."

"Say, Bill," remarked Emma, stirring his whisky by shaking it in the glass, "is he a young feller?"

"Aw, an' sickly. Lord, yer can see daylight through him."

"An' takes sugar in his?"

"You bet!"

The crowd roared at Emma's wit, and this time she set it up for herself.

"Say, Bill, is he really comin' here to preach?"

"Look here, Em. You're talkin' through your bonnet. Come here he may, but preach—ho! ho! I guess not."

"Who says 'no'?" asked the woman, and this time the tiger showed itself in her eyes.

"I do—we all do!" roared the crowd in a rude chorus.

"And I say he shall."

And she folded her scarred hands across her bosom so that all present could see them. That one motion had a strange effect upon those human coyotes, who would have knifed a man in the back and made no account of it. It is true that even desperadoes have their soft moments. This woman standing before them had one claim on their respect, and as their eyes followed that movement and fell on the scarred and cicatrized hands, the dumb appeal moved them as nothing else could have done. Off went every hat, bearded lips trembled, then, as there was danger of too much sentiment, there went up a

cheer from twenty hoarse throats, and as Emma turned to set up again for them, she dashed something from her eyes that might have been a tear.

So it happened that when Rev. James Forsyth reached Dead Man's Gulch, he learned that the principal saloon was prepared to receive him, being turned for the time into a meeting house. All through the little town and far into the surrounding country these placards were affixed to walls and trees:

## GREAT DAY!

### DIVINE SERVICES

#### IN

### THE EMMA SALOON

#### BY

### REV. JAMES FORSYTH, D. D.

All Are Invited to Attend Evening Services at 8 p. m.

Please Leave Your Guns with the Ushers.

When the stage reached the Gulch the parson who had come on from Devil's Delight was in it, but he stopped at the tavern until it was time to go to meeting. It meant nothing to him that he was taking his life in his hands to preach the Gospel of Christ crucified to these men. What was his poor, miserable gift of a dying life, compared with these lost souls? Besides—then he coughed terribly, closed his eyes, and wiped the cold sweat of mortal illness from his face. Ah, specious human nature! Sophistries that keep it from the debasement of overrighteousness! It was of one precious sin-sick soul he was thinking, and that he hoped to reach through this zeal for the brotherhood.

Poor scarred Emma! She had given her influence—and I have shown that it was great—she had given her saloon, which was also her throne, and now she was shut up in a miserable, tawdry room, partitioned off from the rest, dressed in her Sunday finery, waiting until all the gang had assembled, when she would walk in boldly and take her seat with the rest. Well she knew that no woman would be there. No other woman would sit under the same roof with her, and then she looked down on her diamond-bedecked hands. "I can buy and sell them all. I am no man's slave and my word is law, but—" And then a whole flood of tears came. But soon she dashed them away and dried her eyes. Another touch of rouge to repair the ravage, and she was ready "to go to church," as she phrased it to herself. A determined, aggressive figure, dressed in a smart black satin, wearing a bow of pink ribbon at the throat. It seemed as if the incongruity of her attire struck her at the last moment, for on the threshold of her room she stopped, went back, and threw a lace shawl around her shoulders. Then she made her way to the front room, just as the noise of clattering boots and grating chairs was hushed, and the minister bowed his head in prayer.

A dozen men made room for her. Their faces brightened as she entered, but she did not look at one of them. Like one walking in sleep she moved, and never took her eyes from the thin, meager form of the man who stood in the impromptu pulpit, pouring out his soul in prayer.

It was not until the petition was ended, and the oppressed listeners had relaxed with a sigh, that she sat down among the men, where she could see without being seen.

The minister then chose a hymn and lined it out:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say—"

He was interrupted by Deputy Bill.

"We can't sing that, pard—I mean parson. Give us something we know."

They compromised on "A land that is fairer than day." The parson heard the sweet treble of a woman's voice, and wondered much whence it came. He looked troubled, and the cough that shook him with its paroxysm brought out bottles and glasses, but he put aside all offers with a shaking hand.

"Hearken to me, my friends," he began, solemnly, "and know that you are listening to a dying man."

He had not time to announce the text, the words of life were hovering upon his lips, when there rang through the room a woman's frenzied cry:

"Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy!"

"Who spoke, who called me?" asked the parson, with white lips, clinging to the table before him.

"Oh! Jimmy, you're too late—and you're killing yourself, and it's for me, and I'm not worth it—I'm-not-worth-it!"

She was making her way to him now, and as his eyes lit up his death-pale features he prayed:

"At last," he murmured, "at last, and now I'm willing to die! Lord, I—thank—Thee."

His head fell forward. A dozen stal-

wart men jumped to his side, but when he was laid on the nearest bench it was "Scarred Emma" who held his dying head on her arm, and it was into her face he looked when he opened his eyes for a brief coming back to life.

"Don't cry," he said, tenderly, "don't cry, Molly—at least not for me—but promise me—quick, I'm going soon—promise me to quit this place—now—forever."

"Oh, Jimmy, I can't. You've seen them all—tell me, Jimmie, are they—well—do they ever speak of me?"

"They—are—all—well—dear, and safe over there! The dear old mother and the little sister. And I promised them I'd bring—you and—now I'm going—without you!"

"Don't go, Jimmy. I'll do anything if you'll only live. I'll change my ways, and do just as you bid me, even to turning my back on friends that have been good to me. But oh, Jimmy, I'm not worth dying for—it's too late for that."

"Not to meet the dear mother and little sister! I tell you it is not too late. Oh, I cannot die in peace if you do not promise. You have no right to lose your soul, child—it is not yours to do with as you please, but is bought with a price. Take those off—" looking with wide strange eyes at the gems on her hands.

She obeyed him. In a moment she had stripped every ring from her fingers, and then he gathered the two poor scarred hands in his cold ones, and held them to his pale lips.

"Saved," he murmured, then he smiled as if in answer to something he saw, and a moment later he fell asleep, and the woman kneeling by his side reverently closed his eyes, sobbing, but not as one without hope.

Less than a year ago, and to-day the quiet, respectable woman who is postmistress in one of our small western towns has the good will of every citizen. They can see nothing in common with her and the terrible woman of Dead Man's Gulch except the scarred hands from which they receive their daily mail. And they know the honorable history of those scars.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

## A STRANGE SIGHT.

Some of the More Remarkable Geysers on the Yellowstone Park.

From the porch of the little lunch-house the tourist sees a strange sight. To the right and front of the house, across a little interval of verdure and pine-trees, there is a great plain of formation which is seemingly covered with active geysers. From one end to the other are waving feathers of steam, while now and then one of the hot fountains shoots its column of water high in the air. There are twenty-six geysers and four hundred hot springs in the basin. It is a wonderful place. Vegetation has ceased to exist. The barren contents of the earth's interior have been spurted out and have covered and killed the soil. It is a great extent of white, brown and black desolation. Here and there are skeleton trees, dead and hardened with the deposits that cover the surrounding country. Lord Dufferin has said that the place gave him the impression of some modern city that had been overwhelmed and "had so lately sunk amid flames into the bowels of the earth that the smoke of its ruins was still ascending through heaps of smouldering ashes;" and Prof. Whitwell has said: "Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen on so grand a scale such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death-throes of some great American Enceladus."

The geyser that is of most interest to the tourist is naturally that whose eruptions are most regular, and can therefore be depended on. This is Old Faithful, that beginning after the manner of the Fountain Geyser, throws a column of water straight into the air to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet. The most noteworthy attribute of this geyser is its regularity. By actual and careful observation it has been found that the eruptions occur at an average interval of sixty-five minutes.

This geyser is on the left bank of the Fire-hole. On the opposite bank is the Beehive, which throws a stream more than two hundred feet high. This is one of the few geysers that do not throw out any rocks, while the water is so hot that it evaporates in the air. It is safe, therefore, to observe it close at hand, while the absence of overflow leaves it without terraces at its base, which are characteristic of Old Faithful and other geysers. The Giantess, which is very near the Beehive, is a very powerful geyser. Its eruptions occur after intervals of about fourteen days, and continue with slight interruptions for about twelve hours. Rumbblings, roarings, and earthquake shocks accompany its breakings out, while the Beehive, three hundred feet distant, is affected by its activity.—Harper's Weekly.

## AN ENTERPRISING AGENT.

But the Farmer Was On to Him, Besides the Dog Helped to Induce Him to Depart.

"Talk about new and wonderful trees and plants and seeds," said the enthusiastic agent, "I've got a list of novelties no enterprising, wide-awake farmer can afford to do without!"

"Have ye?" asked the honest tiller of the soil as a strange glitter crept into his eye.

"Yes, sir. I can sell you a pie plant from which you can grow mince, custard, lemon, cream or any other kind of pie while you wait. It is a mighty convenient plant to have around because one never knows what minute a lot of unexpected company may come and even the best of families are sometimes caught without a pie in the house."

"I guess you're right," said the old farmer.

"And I have here an illustration showing a new and wonderful variety of strawberry plants, the pollen of which has been crossed with the finest grades of pulverized sugar and winter wheat flour, thus producing the completed short-cake all ready for the table. The picture, as you see, is very attractive, but it does the subject no-wheres near justice."

"Hev ye got a sample of the cake with ye?" asked the confiding farmer.

"Sorry, but I just gave the last piece to a man I met half-mile down the road and to whom I sold a large number of the plants, as he is going to open a restaurant next spring. But," continued the agent, "there are other things equally as wonderful and desirable. I can sell you egg plants that will produce ducks, chickens, geese, turkeys and all sorts of fowls. I have bird seed from which you can grow everything from humming birds to bald eagle!"

"All from the same lot 'o seed?" inquired the farmer.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," answered the agent. "It's mixed bird seed you see. And I have horse chestnuts that will produce a lively stable in ninety days. And plum and apple trees that yield an abundance of pudding and dumplings all ready to be eaten. I have also a variety of peach tree that was budded with a preparation of ground tin, and now it produces the peaches all put up in cans ready for winter use."

"Well, I'll jest be hanged ef that ain't an idee!" said his listener. "Any can opener grows with it?" he added.

"Well, no, I'll not deceive you," said the agent, "by saying there is, but we hope soon to remedy that defect."

"Wall, let me tell ye, stranger," said the honest old farmer, "ye're way behind the times. The last agent 'at was here had them ready-canned peach trees, and with every can there'd grow a can-opener, a corkscrew, a pencil-sharpener and a stump-puller. No can-opener, eh? Well, I can't buy of you, 'cause I don't want my neighbors to know I'm fool enough to buy old-fashioned, back-number trees that are clear out o' style. They'd gimme the laugh sure." And then turning to a freckled-faced boy who had been listening at a safe distance, he said: "Hennie, let Tige out of the barn. He hasn't had nothing to eat for three days."

And the tree man departed.—Peck's Sun.

## Great Expectations.

Six or seven bootblacks were shooting craps on the sidewalk in front of a business house the other evening when the manager of the establishment came along.

"Boys," he said, "this will never do. You'll have to move away from here." "Please don't break up de game jist now, mister," pleaded the business-like urchin with the muffer about his neck. "Dere's only one kid wot ain't broke!"—Chicago Tribune.

## No Need.

"See here," exclaimed the red-headed woman, in wrath, "if you ain't out of this yard in ten minutes, I declare I'll run this umbrella down your throat and open it."

"There ain't a bit o' use of that, mum," responded Dignel Dawson; "anybody that's as dry inside as I am ain't needin' no umbrella in him."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Female Friendship.

Jennie (who is homely)—I wonder if the toboggan craze will be as popular as ever this coming winter. I hope so.

Fannie (who is pretty)—I don't wonder you hope so. Even very plain girls look handsome in a toboggan suit.—Texas Siftings.

## To Put It Differently.

She—Well, there's no accounting for tastes. I suppose he just got stuck on her and married.

He—Now, I should say he married her and got stuck.—Brooklyn Life.